A Case Where Jake Used the Telephone-Two Men Who Grieved Themselves to Death in Prison-A Poet Who Patronized a Clipping Bureau-A Second Story Job.

It had been one of the doctor's "cleaning out" days, and he had remorselessly sent down from the hospital-generally called "the 'orspital"one patient after another, who if not cured at east ought to be, in all good reason, until there only remained the old colonel and Smithers, the con man, to receive the more or less perfunctory care of Jake, the hospital steward. As was natural, in such a season of relaxation, the latter functionary was busied in his little side room, making a list of the benevolent ladies of the town who had lately managed a musical entertainment in the prison chapel, with the view of calling their attention to a worthy case on the very first day of his liberation. The old colonel had just finished a letter to his lawyer, giving the one thousand and first statement of his case, and was now pleasurably picturing the zeal with which the latter, thus fortified, would take a special train to Washington, and procure from the President, as a matter of right, his long-delayed pardon Smithers, all curled up in a rocking chair in a corner, was laboriously reading.

It was Smithers, who finally broke the allence by tossing aside his book, with the following

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eaustie oriticism : Dod rot that 'ere French author, Gabboroo, I say." he exclaimed: "Why can't he be nate-ral and tell the trurt'. There aint no seeh detecatives as old man Leacock, and there never was one. Say, Kunnel, do you know who does all the fine work in a case except drawin' the

salary? I presume the high officials plan, and the rank and file execute," replied the Colonel. It's the unfortunit accused who gives his self away, nine times out of ten, and when he don't his pals perform that little formality for him. Aint that so, Jake? "

"You're shoutin'," agreed Jake, coming out from his retreat, "the only honor among thieves I ever heerd of has got a 'dis' in front

You see, Kunnel, it's this way," Smithers centinued." like flocks to like the world over. Sneaks, bunco-steers, shovers of the queer, con men, second-story men, safe crackers, all have lints where they can meet their friends, 'est as you used to go to the Windsor evenings, to put up jobs with the bankers. Well, then, supposin' the periles want to git on to some partic'lar plant. They don't dodge around in a sugarloaf hat and a false moustache, not for a cent. They don't have to. They jest send for som old lag, who isn't lookin' for trouble, against whom they have an indictment, or an information up their sleeve-he may have turned respictable and be keepin' the place hisself-and they sav. says they. "Jack, who'd we better pinch for sech and sech a job?" and if he don't know, he'll do big stunts to find out."

That's right, Colonel," agreed the unctions Jake: "protection is the secret of successing our business. If a man can stand in with the police, he needn't fear competition or overction. I was in a place, over on the East side once, when in came a lag we called Benny, with a fat poke he'd just copped over on the avenue. Say, there was a roll that would make Rothschilds feel easy, and a lot of valuable papers. Well, Benny was naturally soft and as the gang had been playing to hard luck and were poorer than a Hester street chicken, he stripped off the long green onsly, besides hitting the ball for the

best the house afforded. Well, pretty soon one after another of the boys went out for a light or to say a word to a friend and didn't come back. Finally Benny looked around, and me and him was all that was left. 'How's this, Jake?' says he: 'I didn't s'pose you could pull them suckers off with a chain and a yoke of oxen.' 'I ain't on the clairvoyant graft jest now.' I answered: 'but if that entire push ain't separately bound for Mulberry street, via elevator, trolley and private conveyance, I've got hayseed whiskers and me name is Josh.' 'You're right, Jake,' says be: you're the only true friend I have left. Here, take these, I've got no use for them,' and foreing all them valuable papers upon me he went off crying drunk to his room."

Well, what did you do?" asked Smithers, the eon man. Oh. I went out and telephoned," replied

Jake, the hospital steward.

'There's friendship for you, Colonel," said Smithers. "You can figgur for yourself what acquaintance means, that is, if you can take the square root of nothin'. Its dog eat dog every time. Why even in here there would be no discipline if there wasn't no peachin'. Don't you s'pose a thousand men could get away if they'd pull tomether? But jest you git up a plot, and you'll see them tumbling over themselves to git to the old man's ear fust. Do you s'pose the man that's goin' out next week s goin' to take any chances of losin' his good time for the bloke that goes out next year? He'd sell his mother, Kunnel, to have the price of an extry drink in his clothes."

"And skin games," Jake broke in enthusiastically, "why if the men would stay here voluntarily, they'd have to be locked up for their own protection. Didn't they catch the tinger making tin quarter only last week! Didn't 'Country Mose,' when he went out the other day, sell his things to three different men and then take them along with bim? And Donald, the shoemaker, did you never hear about him time pefore last? He's always tradin' and dickerin', you know. Well, he was so blasted poor that he didn't have even a bad cent to start with as capital. So what did he do but circulate through a friend the story that just before he was pinched he buried a lot of the queer underneath a certain stone in St. Paul's graveyard. And every man that was goin' out fairly threw all their possessions at him for a hint as to the exact location. Say, he had more old chairs, shoes, tobacco, razzors, pocket-knives, chimneys, sasspans, suspenders, handkerchiefs, earved boxes, ships in bottles, readun' matter, extry blankets, canned meats, lamp wicks and tame rate than he could trade off in a fourspecker. I guess the dead must hev' thought the resurriction was nigh durin' the next fow weeks, for there weren't a gravestun' that the shoemaker didn't name as a straight tip." "Who was the friend, Jake, that did the circulating?" asked Smithers.

I got just twenty-five per cent, of the swag for that bit of gratuitous advertisement," re

plied Jake. "Shocking." exclaimed the old Colonel;

"how can even an honest man escape such universal contamination?" You'll have to give it up, Kunnel," said Smithers: "I don't see no one around here entitled to answer that conundrum. But that reminds me of an honest man who throw up his two dukes over the same sitocation. He was a burly young butcher, he was, pros'pros, jest married, and as innercent as spring lamb without mint sass. One day his assistant was lippy, and he hit him a joil on the jaw. Now, unfortunitely, that particlar man, seems, had unusually thin bouck in his skull, and the butcher's big flat shattered it like an egg-ahell. So they sent him up here for ten year. Well, Kunnel, to see him set and blubber would make you think of a sintimintal rhinoserhoss. Ho wanted his wife, he wanted his babby, he

to a realizin' sense of his surrounding, and he struck a decline. Bay, you could see the ficah go from him, like shavings from a pail-bolt. At fust, no one paid no attintion, he hadn't no pull like you, Kunnel; but at length when he east no more shadder than Hamlet's ghost, they senthim up here, and tried to stuff him with hospital rations like a Strassbury goose. But t'weren't no use. 'I was born and bred respictable,' he said; 'and I can't stand a thief.' And he turned his face to the wall and croked. You remember him, don't you, Jake?" "Oh, yes," replied Jake, the hospital steward;

'my comb and brush in there used to belong to

him."
"Is that the only instance you ever had of

like sensibility?" asked the old Colonel. "I never had but that one case of shock and shame from association," said Jake, after a moment's reflection; "but there was a young fellow here, let me see, was it that time I was transferred from Eimiry? Well, at any rate, be was a likely looking young chap, high connections and all that, who mourned himself to death because he was so widely branded as a thief. I never did take much stock in longdrawn stories of put-up jobs, no offense, Colonel,-but I do believe he was innocent. Why should the son of a rich man, who was wild over poetry, and with his head chock full of the glory he was going to gain by a book he had just published, go into a saide bond game? Howover, he was convicted, and having plenty of influence, and being delicate, the old man sent him up here until he could get his nerve. Out of the same consideration he let him have all the mail that arrived for him; Lord, no one in the office had the time or the nerve to read the everlasting letters he got from his mother and sisters. Well, one day, there came a long envelope, well-stuffed out, with 'clipping co pany' on the outside. My, but it was a sight to see his eyes sparkle, and his cheeks get red when I gave it to him. 'They've come at last, Jake,' says he; 'the criticisms of the press on my book. I'll let you look them over with me, and if they're favorable, I'll say I'm lucky, no matter where I am.' You see, Colonel, he kinder cottoned to me, I don't know why." "No." remarked Smithers, "It is easier to guess why you kinder cottoned to him."

'It seems, Colonel," Jake went on, ignoring the interruption, "he had subscribed just be fore his trial to one of those companies that send you any mention of yourself in the newspapers, and this was the first baten. Well, with his mind full of literary notices, he opened the package; and his lip trembled and his cheek grew pale as he examined one clipping after another. His trial had attracted consider able attention, and the papers, it seems, had been full of it. Them notices, Colonel, were all on one subject, and I tell you they weren's kind. There was no mention of his poetry, except an occasional jibe such as that he had brought diagrace upon a noble profession by his ridiculous pretensions. But his crime and the certainty that he was guilty had been eraided broadcast, made ten times more n torious by the book he had published. That is what he read, when his poor heart was abounding with ambition; and that is what sent the blood gurgling from his lips and him fainting in my arms. 'My name is not writ in water,' he moaned. 'It is indelibly set in mire,' 've always remembered that, Colonel; but I

wonder what it means." "I know," said the old Colonel, shaking his head drearily.

"Well, his name was mud at any rate," co cluded Jake, "for he never braced up, but just set at the window, looking over at the mountains and muttering bits of verse to himself, until one morning, four hallmen came and bor his poor body downstairs to the wagon, and that was the end of the poet and his dreams. He was a likely young chap, and as I said cottoned wonderfully to me.

"Left you all his things, I s'pose, Jake?" asked Smithers.

"Certainly he did." replied Jake with dignity. 'He couldn't take them with him, could he?' me, Colonel," said Smithers, observing that the old man was downhearted, "keep your courage up; let me tell you there are plenty of men here jest tickled half to death to be convicted as thieves. You know, don't you, that a country justice of the peace gits his pay in fees, so much for drawin' a warrant, so much for a trial, so much for a record of conviction, and leastwise that a country constable gits so much mileage for bringin' in a prisoner to this blessed play-house. Well, if you don't know you ought to take a coorse of law like the rist of us. At any rate, when all the bums, short-term men, tramps, sailors and hoboes who likes to lay up here winters, want to git a good sure dose, what do they do but go to a little country town about twenty miles from here and notify the constable that they're ready for business. He treats each one with urbanity, naming his rates; he will give much for a simple drunk, so much more for a petit larceny case. Well, s'posing the bum wants to git at least three mont' to carry him through the winter; the constable what say one round shot, so his customer can have a good, square, blow-out, and then he brings out s little old clock, and lays it on the table with a wink and gits out of the room. Say, Kunnel that same clock has been stolen so many times, that I believe it could tick out an affer davit for a warrant itself, if sany one would listen to it. The burn, then, puts the clock in his tail pooket and goes off on hurrah, and the constable, he goes and notifies the justice to be ready to dissolve hieself into a spicial sission of the peace on a mos ent's notice. When the constable comes home, he misses his clock, and s'prising as it may seem, he suspects his visitor of the morning. So he straightway awears out a warrant agin' him for theft. He has no difficulty in findin' him; there's only one saloon in the place, kept by the constable

brother-in-'w; and should he have wandered anywheres to sleep it off, he can be aisily trace by the clock itself which has a enckoo attachment, and can play 'hide and seek,' and 'I spy to beat the band. So, the inwariable sequil is that the constable gits his mileage, and the judge gits his fees and the bum gits his three monte of sleepin' dry, and inxuriating on double-watered soup, and all are happy foreve

arter; and that's what they call the orderly administration of justice in the rural deestricts. "Your stories are all very interesting Smithers," said the Colonel, "but they lack the personal quality. How about yourself for instance? If oriminals invariably betway one saother, you must have had some such adventure, either to your own detriment or that o

your associates?" I never have gone out and telephoned. funnel, like Jake here," replied Smithers, but I did have a remarkable adventur onet, that landed me in the cooler for a five and a halfer, and if I knowd who I had to thank for the same I'd expriss my gratitude not by words but by deeds, as the gospel sharp advised last Sunda'. It was years ago, when I was young and foolish and ready to try annythin, without stickin' to any particlar grait. I was broke, too, and if ever a man gits es'prite, it's when a glass-plate winder and a cashier lies between him and the grub. So, when old Joseph, the fence, the sipperiest, cunningist, scoundred in the business, sent for ne, one day. I was ready to say yes to whatever he suggisted. 'Smithers, my boy,' says he, Tve got a plant that you're jest the likely lad n work to the queen's taste. There'il be no one in it but you and me, and in two dars we'll

be bot' on the sunny side of aisy street, says he. And then he went on, Kunnel, and said as wanted his wife, he wanted his babby, he wanted to go home. The boys frightened him, they did, dreadful. He didn't understand their language. He took coddin' for dead earnest; he'd confide in iveryone as if he'd jest struck town with a carpet-bag. Blast me if I think for the fust six mont' he knew where he was. He had lots of things sent in to him, but what he didn't give away, the ballimen broke into his cell and stole. He'd wear gelean handkercher' down to the shop, and the man next to him would nip it. He had a gold weddin' ring on his finger, and a pictur of his babby around his neck; say, I think, it was Brown the Lepper' took them things out with him. He got them off 'Blind Moseley,' shaking dice behind the boiler-shop. Finally he come how he had had his eye for some time on a cer-

funeral for me to hanker arter it; but old promises about my share of the swag than he ever would have kept; so in the end I consinted. He had his plans all laid as allek as salad dressin'. We went up Fift' avence on the genocine truck of a bang-up furnitur house, and the sarvints let the men bear the sofy upstairs with me half standin' on me head inside of it. Say, Kunnel, if there'd have been another story, I'd have gone dotty, sure from congistion of the brain. Well, luckily, they discivered they had me wrong end foremost, and so hurried up. Soon I was in the big room, with nothin' to do but wait until night came and the sarvints went to bed, and I could do me work in peace and quietness. It was dark in the sofy, dark and soft, so naterally I went to sleep. I s'pose it was the sound of a winder openin' that awakened me, or me bones might be in there yet, and through the erack of the kiver I saw that the gas was lighted. I waited while, listenin' to soft footsteps, and then I ventured to lift up the lid and peek out.

and from the rope on the winder sill, I could jedge that he was a second-story sneak. "I couldn't see his face, and I didn't want to jest then : so I let down the lid and thought what best I could do. Should I wait until he was gone, and then take his leavin's ; should I spring out and neck him, with the hope of gettin' away before the sarvints should come? While I was ponderin', Kunnel, instid of actin' fust and ponderin' afterwards, squash, somethin' heavy plumped down on top of the sofy. nearly squshing my liver out. I tried to raise up, but I couldn't move, I was a prisoner with no chanct of escape except sufferention. I know'd what to expect, however, so I wasn't surprised, an hour later, to hear a mighty thumpin' on the front dure, and then a stampin' and push'n' on the stairs. The lights flared up, the burrey was lifted off—that's what that divil had wheeled over and planted a-top of me-and as

Kunnel, there was a bloke jest openin' that tin

box, and a jammin' the jewels in his pocket;

bounded out there stood a big perliceman with a night-stick in one hand and a gun in the other. So there was nothin to do but unconditional surrender. I pleaded guilty as soon as I was arraigned and threw myself on the mussy of the Coort. I might have got it too, had I told what became of the swag; but you see I couldn't, though the beaks didn't believe me. But if I ever ketch that sneak, Kunnel that wasn't contint to do me out of me job, but must square hisself with the fust offier he met for future favors by squealin', say, there'll be a cat and mouse time, and I wont

e the mouse neither." You shouldn't feel so, Smithers, really you shouldn't," observed Jake, the hospital stew-ard, suavely. "What was a fellow to do? Let us put ourselves in his place. Supposin' be got out all right the same way he came with the stuff, and at the very next corner fell up aginst police. Did he want to be nabbed as a suspleious character? Did he want to scoot and git shot in the leg? Wasn't it wiser to say at once, 'officer, you're jest the man I'm looking for. There's something wrong down at such and such a number. Fifty-eighth street, I'm sure it was, and it was to meet jest such a con-tingency that I left th' rope a-hanging thereat. So help me, Smithers. I didn't mean that; let up, will you, you're killing me, you're killing

me! Help, Colonel; help, murder, help!" The Colonel sat unmoved, as the two men rolled over on the floor, striking, choking, rouging. He never stirred when there were hurried steps on the stairs, and the fat keeper. with a posse of hallmen, rushed in and bore the belligerents away to a summary hearing and a more summary judgment before the warden. And when he was asked why he didn't interfere or at least give an alarm, and thus possibly prevent Jake from losing an eye, and smithers, the tip of his thumb, he merely replied that he did not care to assume any respon sibility while under duress. He was an old soldier, was the Colonel, and perhaps the exouse was most natural to recur: but the real eason for his inertness, was a silent rage against his surroundings, his associates, his fate, which at times scorched and consumed him, when uc.y facts and harsh realities deprived him of the defences which he usually lerived from pleasant memories, sanguine hopes, and the sober assurances of philoso-

THE PARK'S FIGHTING SWAN. Big Tim Flercely Attacks Men and Boys

Who Come Near His Home. The frequenters of the leafy little nooks and shady grottoes along the shores of the big lake in Central Park have recently had cause to plain of a big black awan, whose self-appointed sovereignty over the lake and its borders is causing much concern. The swan was named Big Tim several years ago, when he was regarded by the Park authorities as an inoffensive creature who spent most of his time with his head tucked under his wing in some secluded nook along the shore. But Tim has changed his habits since then in a manner that shows his title to have been well bestowed. He is now often a source of terror to the children, and even grown persons who walk along the shore in his neighborhood, and Tom Donohoe, the keeper, has had his hands full in preventing the swan from doing some real injury. Tim is of unusual size for a swan, and, with

his head raised as it is when he is on the war path, stands about four feet high. With one of his wings, it is said, he could break a person's leg if he flapped with all its force, and for this reason the alarm the Park authorities have felt in regard to Tim's present conduct is not perhaps exaggerated. Tim is a native of the park and is the oldest member of the collection. For this reason the authorities have been reuntant to interfere with him.

Tim's favorite resting place is a spot on the pastern shore of the lake, and there he and his mate spend a great deal of their time. This spot is some distance from the walk, but occasionally persons invade Tim's domain.

Tim son't attack anything in petticoats, and it is only when men or boys approach that he shows fight. Then he waits until the intrudee has advanced to within a few feet of him When the danger limit has been reached, out will come a vicious-looking head on the end of a long, black neck, and for a few seconds Tim will stare at the invader. If this does not fore a retreat, the old swan will get up slowly, himself, and then with his enough mous pinions outstretched and his head erect, ne will charge, all the time uttering a series of gurgling eries.

This seldom fails to send the intruder away, but even in the case of stubborn antagonists the old swan has often come out victorious, providing he gets in a few well-directed blows with his wings. Not a few small boys have had their legs bruised in this manner and have been resolved by policemen when they were getting worsted. Tim will generally retreat before a big stick, but such a weapon is not always handy.

The immunity that women and little girls enjoy from Tim's attacks has not been satisfactorily accounted for even by those who know him well, but so long as they do not make any hostile sign, he will manifest his resentment at their approach only by poking his head around in a warning manner and oceasionally making one of his gurgling eries. A careful watch is being kept on Tim and the police have full instructions to prevent any one from really hurting him, even in self defence Tim's sovereignty over the lake and its little clony of fowl is undisputed. When he rad-

A SQUEEZE-SPINDLE ROW.

LATOUT OF A SURE-THING GAME IN GUTHRIE TEN YEARS AGO. Jink McAtes, Claver Horse Thief, Couldn't See Through a Swindling Play and So Lost All His Money—His Pooling Enterprise Also Lost-Escape of the Dealer.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26,-"I don't just recall the name of the cheerful worker who invented that wise phrase. There's a sucker born every minute, and they never die,' but who he was he had something inside his head besides mayonnaise dressing," said a giant from the Indian Territory, when the talk among a party of Westerners at a roadhouse near here the other night switched around to sure-thing games and cinch propositions. "I don't suppose there ever was yet a sure-thing game rigged up that didn't get its quota of nibbiers, and even its occasional marks, who'd go up against it with their whole rolls. I'm not speaking so much now of brace games as I am of layouts that might just as well have the words, 'You lose,' painted all over 'em, they're such obvious air-tights for the dealers. I suppose we've all been up against brace faro. That's something that a man can't heel himself against; the most he can do, when he gets next to it that two of 'em are slipping out of the box at one and the same time, is to 'stick up' the dealer at the business end of a 45-if he's quick enough-accumulate all the money in sight, and back toward the door.

"But a man who'll lay up alongside of a brace fare layout or a brace wheel need not necessarily be sucker enough to hand his dust over to a smooth duck who's dealing a game that has all the scars, moles, tattoo marks and other perfectly visible Bertillons of a dead open and shut sure-thing layout. Yet I've seen men who were wise in their own business-horserustling, for instance-go broke against games that you'd think a ten-year-old would size up correctly without the assistance of an X-Ray apparatus. "I'm thinking of the time that Jink McAtee.

afterward one of the foxiest horse-thieves who

ever used an upside-down brand in the Southwest, got interested in squeeze-spindle in Guthrie. It was in Guthrie, in May, 1869, just after Oklahoma had been opened up, that the two Reeves brothers, Bill and Al., and Arthur Pondleton, started an all-around layout in what was the first two-story shack that had been thrown up in the town. The two Reeves boys are still running the biggest layout in Guthrie, but Pendleton is dead. The Reeves- Phends of Jink's crowd, and yelled out: Pendleton brand of faro, as well as their keno, wheel, stud, and other legitimate games, was perfectly on the level, but in addition they had few games in operation that were plain cases to most of the patrons of the layout of the sure-thing. The Reeves and Pendleton people didn't club anybody into stacking up against their sure-thing games. They just started 'em going, hired a man named Gately to run 'em, and struck the attitude that if among the sooners and boomers of Guthrie there were people imbecile enough to want to hit up these sure-thing games, it wasn't their funeral.

"The most alluring among these sure-thing games was the outfit called the squeeze-spindle. You used to run across a squeeze-spindle quite often down in the Southwest, but so nany of the dealers of that game got shot up and slithered that it has sort o' passed out. It's a lottery game ostensibly, where the player makes what the dealer calls 'conditional' winnings, and the dealer has to have the assistance of 'boosters' to throw confidence into the suckers. It took a good een man to run a squeeze-spindle game. The sucker would put up a hundred to win five hundred; he'd cop the coin 'conditionally'-that is to say, the arrow that flew around in the middle of the box had to point to another number of the sucker's selection before the money would be his to walk away with, and in the event of the arrow pointing to the right number the player would get twice the sum.

"Of course, the arrow never went the sucker's way twice hand-running, and equally of course it was a game where the dealer got al of the money. The reason it was called a squeeze-spindle was because the dealer had only to squeeze a button beneath the table to stop the arrow at any old point in its flight around the numbers that he wanted to. When sucker was up against the game, a 'booster would prance in with a big roll of the house's money, trebie it on a couple of straight turns of the spindle, squeezed just his way by the dealer, and then the sucker would conclude that it was only his lack of capital that caused him to lose-just as the pin-head who doubles on favorites at the races tries to convince himself when's he broke and smoking a punk pipe that out of business if he'd just had the capital to keep on with his system. Once in a great while a squeeze-spindle dealer would let one of his good things get away with a bunch of money. if he felt reasonably sure that the sucker would come back at it with the coin later on; and thus the ingenuous little flotion 'ud go around that So-and-So had pasted a squeeze-spindle dealer for his whole roll, and this would make

business. "Now, here was a game that you wouldn't think a man with the sense he was born with would bet twenty cents worth of zine money on. But this man Gately. ran the squeeze-spindle for the Recves-Pendieton layout on a salary and commission basis, was a pretty smooth gazebu in his generation, and he landed the good things with his layout right along, and often for size able money. He was a quiet, red-bearded chap, with a mighty convincing, persuasive way about him, and a man who'd put up a fight, too. in a corner. He had free rein in the running of the squeeze-spindle and two or three other sure-thing devices that formed a sort of side show to the main Reeves-Pendleton larout. and the proprietors pretended that his outfit was really independent of their plant-that Gately was simply renting space from them and going it alone. But all of Guthrie knew differently.

"Well up against this squeeze-spindle plant goes this here Jink McAtee that I started to tell you about. Jink wasn't then known as a horse-thief. He had been a sooner-he got in long before the trumpet call on a thoroughbred Kentucky horse that he was afterward found to have pinched out of a barn-and he had made a pretty good thing out of the Guthrie corner-lot that he had staked off. He sold it three days after the dash for \$6,000, and then he laid back on his liquor with a whole lot of content. He was a low forehead in looks and manners. He was the veriest duffer in his attempts to make the Reeves-Pendleton combination put up their shutters by attacking their square games, and he lost over \$3,000 of his corner lot money at their fare tables. He blew in another couple of thousand of the bunch at the honkatonks around town before his little beady eyes fell on Gately's squeeze-spindle, and he perceived a chance to get all of his money back in jig-time. Gately pointed it out to him just

how easy it was, "Before McAtee put a dollar down on the spindle, Gately got Jink's eyes to popping by roping in a booster who pulled \$3,200 out of the squeeze-spindle in quicker time than a cayuse could make two jumps, and when Gately looked chagrined and sorrowful McAtee bit. Gately knew his man pretty well, and he permitted Jink to not only win \$1,600 'conditionally,' right off the reel, but he actually passed \$400 of Jink's winnings over to him. Then he proceeded to wipe Jink out. McAtee was all trimmed up. Gately looked sad.

You didn't have quite enough along with you, McAtee, he said, shaking his head real mournfully. 'If you'd had another \$200 to cover that \$1,600 that you'd won and left in the hole, why you'd have had me heading for the Canadian River by this time."

"McAtee ate this spiel of Gately's up as if it was so much inneh on a counter, and went sway filled with the idea that there was riches n the squeeze-spindle if it was hit right, and with enough money to back up the plays. So ne went to just eleven of his sooner friends and talked squeeze-spindle to 'em. He put it to them just what a good thing the squeeze-spin-

dle was rightly hammered. He told 'em how "'How do you make that out a square deal?' near he'd been to pulling out his losings, asked Pendleton. more besides, through the medium

of Gately's squeeze-spindly at the Reeves-

for it, and they all joined the pool that

Ther got together \$2,600, and on the afternoon following Jink's play they walked down to the

Reeves-Pendleton plant in a body. Each man had a rifle along with him. There wasn't any-

thing remarkable about that. During the first year of Guthrie's existence, every man carried

a long-iron over his arm. If twelve men, all

with rifles, were to line up in front of the

Reeves-Pendleton layout in Guthrie to-day, there'd be good reason for the people inside to

uppose that they were going to be 'stuck up,'

but there was no reason to suppose anything

of the kind when Jack McAtes brought along

his eleven subscribers to his squeeze-spindle

smashing pool that afternoon. Gately wasn't

"'My friends is all got a interest in this, pod-

'Certainly,' said Gately, and then Jink and

his bunch began to get action on the spindle.

It all went their way at first. Gately didn't

actually hand them any money out, but he le

their whole \$2,600 on the layout. Anothercor-

rect twist of the arrow would enable Jink to double the money: on the other hand, if the

his bunch only stood to lose, as Gately ex-

plained, \$600 of their 'conditional' winnings.

"Now, the situation was one calculated to

that Jink or his twelve stalkers with the long-

irons should get away with any of that money

and it shows that he was a man of nerve in

intended to get the \$2,000 after a long series

of plays, and then take a chance on the Jink

McAtee gang roaring and opening up on him That's what he intended to do. But he was a

bit rattled and stampeded over the intense

way the gang had of look ng upon the plays

and that's how he happened to make a mistake.

He gave his button too short a squeeze, and

blamed if the arrow didn't stop at precisely the

number that stood to win Jake and his gang

\$2,600 of the house's money, in addition to

"Gately saw his mistake almost as soon a

he had made it, but a booster named Gilpin.

who was watching the play, was the quicker

thinker of the two. He immped off a stool upon

which he had been standing looking over the

"It was a ruse. Nobody had any idea of shooting. Jink and his gang were simply

flooded with joy over their winning. But when

they heard Gilpin's warning, they all jumped

back, and that was Gataly's chance to redeem

the rule of the spindle game is that the dealer

must show the same amount of money the

sucker has got in play, and Gately had \$2,600

of the house's money spreadout-and back he

jumped through the door, which led out, into

an alley. Jink and his crowd were stupefled

They stood stock still. Gatoly had gone with

their money and the house's money, and they

didn't think of taking after him. They figured

it that the house would make good, perhaps.

Anyhow, by the time they came to, Gately had

mazed it through the wilderness of shacks of

which Guthrie was already composed, and Bill

his talk, which was a pretty hot and threaten-

ing one, and he was backed up in it pretty for-

Reeves had appeared on the scene.

his bad break. He snatched up the \$5,200-

'Stand clear, there! Don't shoot!'

pulling down the \$2,600 they had in!

making up his mind to that idea.

ner,' explained Jink to Gately, 'and they come

worried a little bit.

along jest t' see th' play.'

Pendleton layout. They took Jink's

McAtee organized to smash that

ingly, 'it was me that took the chance. . made a mistake, and stood to lose the house's \$2,000. If I hadn't taken a chance, they'd have got the coin. If I'd have won their \$2,600, your shack would have been shot into a sieve, and me into the bargain. It was a case of run. I had to do the running. I carned the \$2,000, and I hang on to it."

to cut out any idea of getting all the money back from Gately through the medium of a gunplay. Gately handed out \$2,600, and then he us how he had got away. had struck across the prairie for Mul-hall, and some of the McAtee gang, in scouring the country a-horseback, had not only been right behind him, but they had passed him. He heard them coming from behind, and he thought they had recognized him in the twilight. He didn't dare to look back, but he stooped down as if to tie his shoe, and stooping posture. They didn't figure that the

stooping posture. They didn't figure that the man they were after would be taking things so leisurely as all that, and so they passed right by him in the gathering gloom, a-hunting Gately. Gately got to Mulhall, and took the first train up for Omaha.

"Before we got back to Guthrie, Jink McAtee and several of his p is in the pool to smash the Gately squeeze-spindle had been given the sudden chase by the United States Deputy Marshals for some horse-rustling operations of theirs that had just come to light, and when Jink McAtee got shot full of slugs by a possed down in the Brazos bottoms, three years later, the Reevas-Pendleton layout still stood indebted to him in the sum of \$4,000, with accrued interest, the balance that Jink and his push did not pull down in their attempt to stampede a squeeze-spindle layout." 'em make 'conditional' wins until they had arrow didn't hit the right number, Jink and rattle almost any man. Gately didn't intend

> Brooks House, Randall Dining Hall, Stillman Hall and New Boat House This Year.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Aug. 23.—The opening of Harvard's 263rd year will find a greater growth than ever in the number of buildings for the housthe past ten years the buildings have gone up so rapidly that a graduate, returning after a few rears, hardly finds a place outside the "old yard" and the street there was a howl of opposition, and now the Phillips Brooks house has been ammed into a little corner between the ends of Holworthy and Stoughton, but in the latter case excellent work by the architect in harmonizing the general appearance of the building with the the squeezed-in appearance.

But the changes have not come in the college yard alone. Outside private enterprises and college equests have made such strides and still continu make them, that for a radius of a quarter of mile about the yard there is hardly a block without a new dormitory or a new building of some sort. Gradually the college has worked not towards Holmes and Jarvis Fields until the former has had to be surrenderd, and the latter eater into so that it is only good for tennis courts. Perkins and Conant Halls, Walter Hastings, Carey Building, now given over by the Athletic committee to the Department of Mining, are only a few of the new buildings.

Two new buildings are to be built on Holmes 'I had been with Bill in the main layout in the next room, and we heard the shout of Gilpin. That's what took us in there. Jink made

cibly by all the rest of his gang.
"'Well, Gately's jumped, that's all, said 'What am I going to do about it?' riod. "Hand over \$5,200 quick, said McAtee and me others of his bunch. "I haven't got anything like that much money in the place,' said Reeves, give you a check for it on the bank down the

WAY. They demurred over the check proposition for a while, but they finally took Bill Reeves's check for \$5,200. While they were demurring, Bill Reeves had a chance to scribble a note to the cashier of the bank, telling him not to cash the check when it would be presented-to make some excuse about not having just that amount of money on hand, or something of that sort. Now, I didn't want to be in that place at all just then, but there was no way of my getting out. I had come into the room with Bill Reeves, and I knew that if I tried to mosey away I'd be called back; that they figured me

to have some sort of connection with the laywhich I didn't bank to get the money. The cashier turned the check down on the ground that he had just shipped most of the bank's money to St. We knew there was going to be Louis. trouble and a whole lot of it when Jink got back from the bank with that word, and I don't think any of us expected to last much longer. Jink came a-loping back ifrom the bank, and when he came into the room and tore up the check with appropriate remarks his gang all lined up together, and we figured it that the shooting was going to begin right then. When he whole situation looked so squally that I had my eye on the nearest window to drop out of. Arthur Pendleton popped into the room.

'What's all this?' he yelled, for there was a ot of clicking going on in the room. Jink and his gang thought they saw a final chance of getting their money. So, smouldering, they told the story to Pendleton. Pendleton was shrewd man, a forceful talker, and a diplomat

rom away back. 'All the money I've got, or that there is in the roll just now, said he, 'is \$600,' pulling the roll out of his pocket. 'You are perfectly wel-When Gately comes back, or ome to that. when you get him, as I wish you would, you can have the rest that's coming to you out of the roll he pinched."

Well, the \$600 looked like better than no bread to Jink and his bunch, and they took it and went out after Gately. It was getting along toward twilight. Reeves and Pendleton figured it that Gately, in pulling down the roll, had been acting in the interest of the house. They hadn't the slightest notion that Gately had eloped with the \$5,200. They thought he'd plant the money, keep out of sight for a few days until the Jink McAtee push could be compromised with, and then

"McAtoe's gong beat up every shack in town thoroughly, but there was no Gately. They whipped the prairie for miles around, but they didn't apring Gately. Gately had gone. gang came back to the Beeves-Pendleton layout, all of 'em pretty ugly. Pendleton got them bunched, made a speech to them to the effect that if Gately wasn't corralled within a week he'd make good the whole amount coming to them out of his own pocket, and soft-soaped them into accepting those terms. They dispersed.

"When Gately didn't come back the next day, or give any indication to his employers where

e was, they got worried. "'I think Gately has drilled,' Pendleton said to me that day. 'lie's an Iowan, and there's going to be a big conclave and tournament o firemen in Council Bluffs next week. I'll bet Gately has made for Council Bluffs. I'm going after him. Come along with me.'

"I told Pendleton that I hadn't anything to do with the game, but I wasn't overlooking business propositions, and when he offered me 50 per cent. of all the money we might re-claim from Gately, I went with him. We got onto Gately's trail in Council Bluffs, as Pendle ton had shrewdly guessed we might, but he had been tipped off that we were after him and he chased over to Omaha. We were right after him, and he jumped for a town in South western lows called Red Oak. We were hot on his trail, and we met up with him squarely the next day in Red Oak.

"'Let's have the money, Gately,' said Pendieton.

"I'll pass you back the house bunch \$2,600,' said Gately, 'but the rest of it I keep, and he looked as if he meant it, good and hard, at that

'Because,' replied Gately, pretty convinc

"It struck me that this was pretty square talk, and I told Pendleton so, and advised him looked at them under his arm while in that

NEW BUILDINGS AT HARVARD.

ng, exercise and education of the students. In that seems natural to him. Even in the yard every spare corner, save in the quadrangle, has been filled, till it seems impossible for another building to be crowded in. When the Fogg Art Museum was built between Appleton Chappel the stealing of a little strip from the sidewalk, and severe old halls nearby has taken away much

Field by the college next year. The first is to be an Engineering Building, to relieve the strain on the Lawrence Scientific School, and the second is to be a dormitory where President Eliot plans to have rooms furnished by the college to prevent the expense of furnishing to men who come to college from a long distance or for a short pe

In the meantime the college authorities are trying to have four new buildings ready for occupancy by the time the college opens. These are the Brooks House, a memorial to Phillips Brooks to be used as a social centre, with the rooms devoted to the four religious clubs: the new Randall Dining Hall, the new boat house and Stillman Hall, a hospital or infirmary for students only. These four buildings are all built from gifts to the University.

the Brooks House was to erect a building to cost about \$300,000, which was to be seemthing of a University Club, with the religious clubs in charge. The scheme originated with Bishop Brooks, but when the committee tried to raise funds it was unable to obtain more than \$50,000. With this money they have given Harvard a building which, though limited, will serve a good purpose. It is of brick, with sandstone trimmings, built in colonial style. The interior is finished in oak. On the ground floor there is a large parlor or lounging room, a dining room, with a small kitchen below where a limited amount of refreshments can be prepared on special occasions. There is also an office on this floor to be used by one of the religious societies of the college. On the second floor is the library, and there are three more offices for the societies. On the top floor is a large hall, where meetings of all sorts can be held. The rooms are fitted up for the most part with deep window seats and lounging chairs, s that they may be attractive to the student body The four societies who will have rooms at large. here are the St. Paul's, the Y. M. C. A., the Catholic Union and the Religious Union. The building will be dedicated very soon.

The Randall Dining Hall is the bequest of Belinda Randall, who left \$70,000 for the purpose. For a number of years Memorial Hall has had a waiting list of four or five hundred The only other college dining hall was the Foxcroft club, but here the kitchen was small and the facilities limited and things in general not congenial, though board was at a low figure. The method of serving here was a la carte, but everything including bread, butter, sugar, &c., was or the card. By this method, charging a cent for butter, another cent for bread, &c., the club was able to board its members sometimes as low as \$2.50 a week. The new dining hall is to be run on the same principle, but there are to be more tables and facilities for cooking and serving equal to that in any hotel. The dining hall will be done very soon, certainly by Oct. 1, when college opens. In the dining hall there are to be tables for 792 men. The hall itself is light and airy, with a tiled floor and tinted walls. Leading from it on the side are the serving rooms and scullery. In the basement are rooms for everything in the cooking line

Mr. James Stillman of New York, is the donor of the third building which is to be named Still-man Hall. This is to be an infirmary where the students who are ill at college, or who need special care and diet can have treatment. Mr. Stillman has given \$50,000 for the building and \$2,500 a year for four years toward its maintainence. The students who can afford it are expected to pay here as in any hospital, but the others can have the regular college physician and a cot free. The new hall is to be built on Mt Auburn street near the Cambridge hospital.

The fourth building is not yet planned out com pletely, but ground has been selected and broken for the start. This building is the new boat house which is to be built on the right bank of the Charles on the corner of Soldier's Field, but between the new speedway to Brighton and the river. It is carer to the Weld boat house than the old one and under the dual club system will be the Newell tub quarters. The boat house is to be finished in time for spring work and Harvard will have a splendid set of buildings on Soldier's Field. The ocker building, the new base ball cage and the boat house, with all the new fields, make a very promising show. The new fence about the field. high fron work affair, will also be finished and the gateway at the entrance -a memorial to Marshall Newell - will complete the present plans for the field. Later there will be a grand stand built back of the baseball field.

Mr. Peter Burns of Cambridge has built Rus sell Hall in the space between Randelph and Westmorly, where Wm. K. Vanderbilt had his quarters last year. This makes an imposing row, beginning with Claverly and containing Randolph, Russell, and Westmorely. Mr. George Fogerty of Cambridge and Judge Daly have purchased a lot on Massachusetts avenue near the Baptist church, where they will erect at once new dormitory, and another is planned for the lot where the famous University Press stood.

BARKER'S SUNDAY OUTING

TRIED PHILANTEROPY ON A PICES POCKET WITH ARSULTS.

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Followed Up a Street Car Incident For His Own Study And Personal Interest-Left In a Damaged Condition—In The Park With All His Money Genes

Barker tells-as a joke on himself and a warned ing to his triends—how he went out on a certain Sunday in search of an adventure. "After the week's routine of office work," he says, "I felt the need of some excitement, but I had to find it where I wouldn't be ashamed to be found myself, and I could think of nothing more promising than the Central Park band concert. Where there would be such a crowd, I argued, something might happen, so I took my umbrella, on the promise of rain, and boarded a street car for the Park.

"It was an open car, and making the fifth in the row I chose, I was compelled to sit on the edge of the seat, resting my hands on my umbrella. When When the conductor came for my fare, I had to break a dollar bill to get it, and because of the constrained attitude in which I sat, you see, I found it least difficult to put the change in the match pocket of my cost. There was sitting on that side of me a shabby individual whose soft felt hat was drawn down to a hooked and univ nose. I was speculating on his history and his profession, with an eye on his worn coat and trousers, when I noticed a nervous uneasiness is his hands.

"At first he put his left elbow on the back of the seat, and let that hand hang down at my side. He lifted a finger and let it fall. Then be folded his arms and moved closer to me, so that his right hand, under the shelter of his left clow, came in contact with the pocket where I had disposed my change. I looked suspiciously down my breast and saw the hand suddenly withdrawn. The man was a pickpocket. Here was luck."

Crime is more or less picturesque in print, and Barker had learned of it chiefly through that medium. A pickpocket, to him was a nimblefingered aristocrat of criminal society, and an interesting specimen of vice to meet even out of business hours. But to see a pickpocket actually at work, to see him dare arrest and punishme in bright daylight, on a crowded street car this was more of a sensation than he had hoped to

"I turned away my head," he continued, "so as not to spoil the game. When I dropped a stealthy glance down the coat again, I saw the hand slid. back, and watched a thumb and forefinger disappear in my pocket, Of course, I lowered my arm, as if accidentally, to strike the thief's elbow, The hand went back with a noticeable jerk, and I heard him taking his breath hard between his

"That made me think the man could not be a professional pickpocket. He was too clumsy and too nervous. I decided that he was some needy wretch, tempted by the unprotected eliver left ad easily within his reach.

So Barker drew up his arm and pretended to be interested in a passerby. When he looked backs for the hand, it was there, and the fingers went in again after the nickels. With a generous pity for the poverty of the thief, Barker let him draw out as many coins as he could get in a pinch, but the man was such a blunderer that he caught on the coat. There was the same whistling of nerous breath. His lips were trembling, and while he concealed his right hand with the stolen money in it, he passed his left hand shakily across his Barker felt sorry for him, and yet enjoyed his suffering. It was real, raw emotion, It was crime. And what tragedies there were behind it he could well imagine.

"By the time he had fingered over the money," he says, "to see the sum of his spolls, and had sneaked it cautiously into the worn pocket of his vest, the car had reached the gate of Central Parks He got off there, and, of course, I followed him. A confederate must have followed both, but I did

not know of it until afterwards. "Now,' I thought, 'this man is evidently going to try his skill in Central Park. He is so clums that he will be caught certainly. He is som poor fellow out of work and starving. I wonder if I couldn't help him.'

"You see the man was not ragged, though his clothes were poor. His boots needed pollsh, but they were not broken. He walked with the shuffling gait of a workingman, and there was nother The original plan of those who were to build ing in his appearance to indicate the criminal, He turned down a bypath, and I went after him. When we had come to'a spot that seemed sufficiently deserted, I stepped up quickly and laid a hand on his shoulder He turned about with a startled face; and when he recognized me, looked

about him as if he were going to run "You seem to be in pretty hard luck.' I said. "You're not a professional thief, are you? "He studied my boots. I saw you take that

if you wanted it?" "I wouldn't have got it."

"'Oh, yes you would,' I said; and to prove my generosity to myself, I guess, as well as to the thief, I drew a quarter from my pocket and held it out. He looked at it, looked up at me with an expression of face half amused, half astonishedhe had a cast in one eye-and held out a bony hand for the money. "Thanks,' he mumbled. I can buy some

grab now.' I did not think to ask an explanation of his extravagance in riding on a street car. I said: 'Down on your luck?' "I am that, mister,' he said, 'all o' that ' "It seemed suddenly, a good opportunity to hear

the story of an outcast. I felt that I might never have such another chance, because I had caught this one as it was in character, and he would doublessly be confidential with ma "Tell about it,' I said. 'Perhaps I can hely

rou. We can sit here,' and motioned to a near "The confederate who had followed us from the car, I suppose, must have been walking a few

yards behind us, and probably he thought I was going to hold his partner for a policeman-or something like that
"Can't you get work?" I began when we were
scated. 'No,' he said. 'I don't belong to no
unions.' That did not sound confidential. 'Well warned him, 'you're mighty clumsy picking

pockets.' There was a change in his face. 'Oh, am,' he snarled, pinning down my arms. "A hand that smelled uncleanly was clapped over my mouth from behind. My hat was crush down to the bridge of my nose. 'Yell now an' we'll trottle you,' a new voice put in.

"I didn't yell. They went nimbly through my vest pockets for some small change, felt my trouses pockets through the cloth, and found nothing. I was struggling for breath. They took the silver from my match pocket. Then they threw me over the side of a bench face downwards in the grass. A heavy hand on the back of my head crushed my nose into the sod; another explored my empty back pocket. I heard some whispering and the footsteps of one of the thieves making off down the pathway. After an interval of silence the other growled in my ear: 'You folly us now, sonny, if you want any more There was a rustle in the bushes. I looked up cautiously, and found myself alone.

"I did not folly." I had had enough, all right My nose was bleeding. My hat was ruined, And my wrists ached as if they had been sprained, I washed my face at a drinking fountain, shaped my hat into some appearance of decency, parried the inquisitive questions of policemen, and got home without delay. I had had my adventure. It only cost me about a dollar, and there was no use getting into the papers for that loss, but the next time I catch a pickpocket I'll have him pub behind the bars before I try to study him."

Queer Names of Farms in 1799. From the Boston Transcript.

The queer names given to tracts or land by

the owners in olden times are illustrated in a conveyance encountered by a clerk in the Baltimore record office recently while engaged in reorganizing the indexes. The deed in question recorded in liber W. G., No. 60, tolio 57. It was executed in 1799, and conveyed from Joshua Stevenson to Richard Gittings five tracts of land in Baltimore County, the consideration being \$1,000. The name of each tract and its dimensions are as follows: "My Sweet Girl, My Friend and Pitcher," 62 acres; "Here Is Lite Without Care and Love Without Fear," 41's acres; "The Unexpected Discovery," 262 acres; "Hug Me Snug." 15', acres, and "Stevenson's Cow Past ures, With Little I Am Content," 28 acres.